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Vol. I.
No. 49.

CITY

OCT 20,
1876.

JACKDAW



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ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF EXCHANGE WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My term of office as one of your representatives in the City Council expires on the first of November. During the three years I have had the honour to represent you, I have endeavoured faithfully to serve your interests and the interests of all my fellow-citizens. As a member of the Gas, Public Parks, and Health Committees, I have to the best of my judgment, and at no slight cost of time and labour, taken an active interest in the management of those departments, and at all times I have done what lay in my power to further the well-being of the city. In the Gas Committee, as a matter of justice, I have strenuously advocated the allowance of interest upon deposits, and I rejoice that this measure of relief will now take effect. Those who are acquainted with our corporate system know well that the practical work is done in the Committees. Of these, I have attended 325 during the past year. A requisition has been presented to me signed by many gentlemen of influence and position in your ward approving of my past services, and requesting me to allow myself again to be nominated. I return my thanks to the requisitionists. I accept the compliment paid to me, and as I esteem it an honour to represent you, should you re-elect me, my time and attention shall be devoted henceforth, as it has been during the eight years I have had the honour of a seat in the Council.—Ladies and gentlemen, I am your obedient servant,

WILLIAM BATTY.

9, Market Street, Oct. 11, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE CITIZENS OF EXCHANGE WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—An influential deputation of the ratepayers of this ward, representing both political parties, have waited upon me desiring my services in the city council.

In complying with their request, I beg to state I have no personal vanity to gratify (as is frequently the case with candidates seeking municipal honours), but simply to serve the ratepayers of this important ward, with which I have been connected for the past twenty years; and well knowing its requirements, they will at all times receive my most careful attention.

Should I be favoured with the majority of your votes, I shall consider it my duty, in return for your confidence, to give my earnest support to all measures conducing to the welfare of the city.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

EDWIN H. DOWNS.

15, Exchange Street, Manchester,
October, 1876.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JAMES'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A requisition numerously signed by electors of both political parties has been presented to me, asking me again to represent your ward in the City Council.

I have much pleasure in complying with this request, and thanking you for this new proof of confidence, trust that, if elected, I shall continue to merit your approval.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, yours faithfully,

P. GOLDSCHMIDT.

Manchester, 13th October, 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. MICHAEL'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have received a very flattering requisition bearing the signatures of some of the principal inhabitants of this ward, inviting me to become a Candidate for the seat in the City Council for the THIRD TIME. I most cordially accept the invitation, regarding it as a proof that my services, as one of your representatives in your local parliament, since 1870, have met with your approval. I have no personal interests to serve, but consider it to be the duty of every person to serve their fellow citizens when called upon to do so, and the fact that my fellow-members of the Council have elected me on several very important committees (viz., the Improvement and Watch) is a gratifying testimony of their good opinion. After conducting successfully a large business in this ward for many years, I am in a position to devote myself to the discharge of the duties of the office I seek from you. Should you do me the honour to elect me again, it will be my earnest desire to advance the interests of our ward, and to serve you to the best of my ability.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your faithful and obliged servant,

WILLIAM BROWN.

P.S.—While expressing my most sincere thanks to those electors who have signed the requisition, I must also tender my thanks to those who have promised me their support.

47, Oldham Road, September 29, 1876.

Committee Rooms, 46, Hannah Street, and the Liberal Club, Harpurhey.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. MICHAEL'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by a very influential deputation of the electors of this ward to offer myself as a representative in the city council, I have, after due consideration, acceded to their request, and I now offer myself as a candidate for the office of City Councillor for St. Michael's ward.

I am decidedly in favour of all things pertaining to the promotion of the health of the inhabitants of this great city, and will do all in my power to promote cleanliness in the persons and dwellings of the vast multitude inhabiting it. Whatever schemes are presented in the council, those shall have my best attention which seem most suited to attain this object. Public baths and public wash-houses shall not be forgotten by me after the excitement of an election.

I pass through the ward daily, and am able to see what improvements are requisite and what nuisances exist, both of which shall have my vigilant attention; and not only in this ward, but in every part of the city whenever they come under my cognizance.

I desire to see the day when every child, on leaving school, shall be able to read, write, and cipher well, and, above all, to know his duty towards God and man. Having been connected with one of the largest denominational schools in this ward for more than 30 years, I trust my desire to promote religious education will not be considered a momentary declaration.

Should you elect me to the important office I seek at your hands, you may rest assured that I will endeavour most faithfully to perform the duties devolving upon me.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

JOHN RICHARDS.

52, Swan St., Manchester,
10th October, 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW CROSS WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—During the three years I have had the honour of being one of your representatives in the City Council, you have had opportunities of judging whether or not I have met the requirements which attain to that office. On the 1st of November next, you will be called upon to decide if my past services have so far met with your approval as to entitle me to be again trusted with a share in the municipal representation of your important ward. As I claim for myself to have honestly and conscientiously striven to do my duty in filling the office, in which by your favour I was placed three years ago, an expression of confidence by again returning me as one of your representatives would be a further incentive for me to strive more than ever to earn the right to subscribe myself, your faithful servant,

THOMAS BRIGHT.

Manchester, Oct. 5, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW CROSS WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The term for which you did me the honour of electing me as one of your representatives in the City Council will expire on the 31st of this month.

I most sincerely thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me during the past six years, and having been requested by a large number of my fellow-ratepayers to allow myself to be again nominated, to that invitation I cheerfully respond, and frankly place my services for the third time at your disposal.

Should it be your pleasure to again return me as one of your representatives to watch over your interests in this important ward, be assured that your approval of my conduct in the past will stimulate and guide my future course.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, yours faithfully,

CHAS. STEWART.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. JOHN'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having received a numerously-signed requisition from the electors of this ward, asking me to become a candidate for the honour of representing you in the council, I consider it my duty to place my services at your disposal.

As a ratepayer in this district for many years, and a native of Manchester, my interests in good and efficient as well as economical government—altogether independent of party or political considerations—are identical with your own.

Sanitary and other important questions which involve a large expenditure of money, require increased care and consideration year by year, as our city continues to extend; it is indispensable, therefore, that time and deliberation should be bestowed commensurate with these important undertakings, if they are to be carried out with a due regard to economy and completeness, and also with consideration for the private interests of the ratepayers.

Should you consider it conducive to the interests of this ward to elect me as one of your representatives, you may confidently rely upon my best endeavours to serve you faithfully.—I am, ladies and gentlemen, yours truly,

WILLIAM CRIGHTON.

Castlefield Iron Works,
Knot Mill, Oct. 4th, 1876.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 49.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. XI.—THE MAYOR AS IS TO BE.

If honours should fall to those who in fight, or work, or public service have borne the burden and heat of the day, then surely any glory that may attach to the opening of the New Town Hall, which cannot be much longer postponed, should be appended or prefixed, as the case may be, to the name of Mr. Alderman Heywood. Since the foundation stone of the building—bearing the inscription which indelibly marks its name while its stones and mortar stand together—was laid, just eight years ago, by Mr. Robert Neill, Mr. Heywood has been chairman of the New Town Hall Sub-Committee. Assisted by a body of able coadjutors, he has bestowed an unwearied attention to the details of the work; and if Mr. Waterhouse's magnificent plans have been carried out in their entirety, without in anything being marred by a narrow economy or spoiled by the introduction of *outré* decorations on which eccentric councillors may have set their minds, it is owing in a great measure to his sustained energy and perseverance, united to shrewd common-sense and unflinching tact and readiness to conciliate. A determination, which we will describe as good-humoured, has been shown within the past few days by the Mayor As Is, to be the first civic authority to take possession of the new building. Mr. Alderman Curtis departed from the old premises in King Street on Wednesday, leaving a mourning Town Clerk and a disconsolate, not to say distracted, housekeeper behind him. He may now be seen in the grandest of the mayoral apartments facing Albert Square sitting in a chair of state, lamenting the ruin of a Turkey carpet bought at a fabulous price, which being prematurely put down has been untimely cut up by the operations of splashing plasterers still engaged upon their work of mural decoration. Whether the Mayor As Is To Be, after his election, which we hope to see accomplished three weeks hence, will return to the old municipal home in King Street till the new building is completed, and postpone the housewarming till it can be carried out with appropriate festivities, remains to be seen. In the meantime, Mr. Alderman Heywood's election may be considered a safe thing, though up to yesterday there were some fears that it might not prove a walk over. It is no secret that there were envious claimants to the distinction of being Mayor when the ceremony of inaugurating Mr. Waterhouse's masterpiece shall take place, and the perquisites which are supposed to attach to the lucky holder of the office. But that Mr. Heywood is worthy, no one who knows what municipal work is, and what his public career has been, can for a moment doubt. Having already filled the mayoral chair, he is familiar with its duties, and capable of fulfilling them with dignity. If he should be called upon to welcome royalty to Manchester, he has done so before right royally.

Mr. Abel Heywood may be described, in the widest and most unreserved sense of the term, as a self-made man. He was born at Rooden Lane, Prestwich, in February, 1810, and was the youngest of a family of three sons. His father was in humble though comfortable circumstances, employed as a "putter in" to cotton weavers, who at that time wove on their own looms in their own houses. He died when his youngest son was only five years old, from the effects of a cold taken during a journey as an outside passenger on the coach to Lancaster, where he had been serving as juryman. Mrs. Heywood shortly afterwards removed to Manchester for the purpose of finding her sons work. What school education her son Abel received was at the British National School, Prestwich, and afterwards at the Manchester Mechanics' Institute; but the lad's academic

career must have been exceedingly brief, since we find him when nine years of age taking employment at eighteen pence per week as a message boy in the warehouse of the late Mr. Thomas Worthington. After eleven years spent in this service, Mr. Heywood, who may be said to have graduated as a public man before he came of age, opened a penny news-room—a step not so much in advance of his time, as one might at first suppose, when we consider the character and intelligence and public spirit of the working-men of these days. There were few politicians so keen, so acquisitive of information, so absorbed in discussion, as your Radical hand-loom weaver; and nearly every cotton weaver of those days was a Radical. Young Heywood very soon got into trouble about his news-room and his meddling with politics. He became the agent of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, a small paper published at a penny, and conducted, as its name implies, in the interest of a Root and Branch Reform. This *Poor Man's Guardian* was a distinct violation of the law. The Tories put a tax upon literature in these days. They had not yet discovered the advantages of a cheap and unscrupulous press. An excise stamp of four-pence per copy on all newspapers made a penny daily, or even a penny weekly, or a penny anything impossible, and so the *Poor Man's Guardian*, instead of helping the poor man much, found itself ere long within the clutches of the law. The printer of the proscribed paper, as the law then stood, could not be dealt with directly, but his parcels were subject to seizure in transit, and the news-vendor who smuggled the contraband literature into the hands of the public was liable to arrest and imprisonment. This was very speedily the fate of young Heywood, and some hundreds more, who sold the *Poor Man's Guardian*, though it was ruled eventually by the Court of Queen's Bench that the publication was not a newspaper, and was therefore exempt from the operation of the stamp duty. This afforded little consolation to the unfortunate news-vendor, who had suffered his three months' imprisonment in the New Bailey before the mistake of the local magistrates was found out. During his incarceration the business was carried on by his family. In 1834 Mr. Heywood was again prosecuted, but this time, being in better circumstances, he was able to pay the fine imposed, which, with costs, amounted to £18, and he thus escaped another term of imprisonment. A few years later—in 1841—Mr. Heywood was again in trouble. The offence for which he was now prosecuted was no less than *BLASPHEMY*. He had printed a letter written by C. J. Haslam, and addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, which was said to contain some actionable words, and probably was strong enough in its utterances. Mr. Heywood was prepared to defend the case, and up to almost the last moment before he was called upon in court persisted in his defiance of the law, but ultimately yielded to the advice of his friends, and, with the understanding that if he did so no further steps would be taken, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced—to await the Queen's pleasure—which he still does. This stubborn Radical was guided in his early years, as we have no reason to doubt that he still is, by the constitutional maxim that when a law is too bad to be borne, it is the duty of every individual citizen to resist it to the utmost that he can within the bounds of the law, despising any personal risk or sacrifice he may have to face in doing so. He has reaped the fruit of his early sufferings in a double harvest. He is the head of a firm which has prospered by the diffusion of cheap literature among the people; and as a publicist he rejoices in a free, unfettered, and outspoken press. To him now his three years' imprisonment in New Bailey Prison, the £18 fine he paid, and the continual worry and harassment attending a life and business carried on under an intolerable police surveillance, must appear as small things. To

us of the modern generation, such prosecutions as those to which he was subjected appear so extraordinary and so remote that we can hardly believe them to have occurred to one who is still an active force amongst us, and by no means to be reckoned an old man.

Nevertheless, the fact of being imprisoned even for conscience' sake does attach a stigma to a man in after life. We have met good Churchmen who, notwithstanding all Dean Stanley may say in his commendation, think that John Bunyan must have been a very immoral tinker whom the ecclesiastical authorities of his day found it necessary to shut up in Bedford Gaol. Mr. Heywood has suffered most unjustly from a suspicion of holding revolutionary principles. Replying to this charge which was brought against him by the *Guardian*, when he stood as the working-man's candidate for Manchester in 1859, Mr. Heywood referred, in disproof of the accusation, to the part which he had taken in keeping the peace during the popular tumults of 1842 and 1848-9. Addressing a meeting of his supporters in New Cross Ward, at which the late Mr. Edward Hooson, one of the best and soundest politicians who ever led the working-men of Manchester, presided, the candidate said:—

In 1848, when the Council were called together to deliberate upon the course to be adopted in the disturbed state of Manchester, he was present, and a gentleman asked, "What does Mr. Heywood say?" He declared his conviction that if they treated the people in a proper spirit, and appealed to them to assist in keeping the peace, peace would be kept. Next morning large placards containing such an appeal were issued, and tranquility followed. The then mayor was knighted for having so well controlled Manchester.

Mr. Heywood very early began to take his part in public affairs, and having set his hand earnestly to the plough he has never turned back. In 1835, only three years after he had established his modest stationer's shop in Oldham Street, he was appointed to the commission of police, a body which up to the time of the incorporation of the borough, in 1838, controlled the local administration. He was elected to the City Council in 1843, and after ten years of hard work he so commended himself to the favour of his fellow-councillors that he was appointed alderman, and eleven years later he was elected mayor, and so qualified as justice of the peace. Throughout his long and uninterrupted municipal career he has been distinguished as a hard worker in committee, and a ready and wise debater in Council, marred by an occasional tendency to prolixity, and a certain heavy playfulness of style which is nevertheless consistent with a clever power of fence. His special work, apart from the chairmanship of the New Town Hall Sub-Committee, which after all is only an incident in his long career, has been in connection with the paving and highways of the city. He has been a member of the committee charged with this business since the Commissioners of Highways transferred their powers to the Corporation in 1844, and for many years he has been its indefatigable chairman. In this capacity he has become perfect master of his subject, there being probably no man in England who knows more thoroughly the management of the highways of a great city. The Corporation of London have more than once, we believe, had recourse to his advice and experience. It must be said that he has served in a good school, for there is probably no town in which the exigencies of a heavy and incessant traffic require to be more firmly met, and the difficulty of the problem he has had to solve, has doubtless sharpened his wit and developed his fertility of resource. Of late years he has exhibited a somewhat Conservative tendency in favour of "sets," which we will not say is unjustified; and the exasperating experiments made with the asphalt pavements in York Street, and the wooden floor in Gaythorn, render it impossible to say that new ideas have been neglected. As responsible head of a committee which has so intimate a connection with the comforts of daily passengers, it is not to be expected that Mr. Heywood should escape occasional whipping. His answers to anxious inquiries are generally good humoured, if sometimes evasive, and there has grown up a feeling in the Council that Heywood will proceed in his own jog-trot fashion, and serve everybody and every district in turn pretty fairly.

It is impossible and perhaps unnecessary to give any sketch in detail of Mr. Heywood's later municipal career. His year of office as mayor was that in which the Prince of Wales came of age, and one of his first duties was to forward the loyal addresses of congratulation adopted by the Council to his Royal Highness and to the Queen. His duties as chief

magistrate were increased by his *ex officio* connection with the Cotton Famine Relief Fund, which still continued its necessary labours in the distressed districts of South Lancashire. It was not a time in Manchester when any heroic measures of civic improvement could be carried out, or even discussed; but we believe we are safe in saying that at the close of his term, the retiring mayor retained the unanimous respect of the Council which had elevated him to the office. One incident following his election, which derives added piquancy from events which have since occurred, we are tempted to give.

At the first meeting of the Council after Alderman Heywood's election, Mr. Goadsby, the ex-mayor, said—"On Friday last I was waited upon by a member of the Council, Mr. Hugh Warburton, who stated to me, very much to my astonishment, that considerable disapprobation existed in the minds of some at my not having placed the chain of office upon your shoulders. I admit at once, without any reservation, that it was a mistake on my part, and I am sorry for it. The circumstances were these—At the time you were making the declaration the thought occurred to me—and I admit I was thinking more of myself than you, and in this was my great error—the thought occurred to me, 'Well, my time is ended; I will not, as is usual, have the chain taken from me.' The fact is, the housekeeper and the chain are so indivisible that I seldom see the one without the other, for the man comes to put it on, and is always in attendance again to take it off. (Laughter.) And when this thought occurred to me, that 'I will take it off,' the housekeeper unfortunately was standing by, and here was my misfortune. It is unfortunate that he was there, but he was not there by my orders. (Laughter.) On my honour, as a man of business, I don't know for what purpose he was there, or who sent him—(great laughter)—but when I had taken off the chain he held out his hand, and unconsciously I gave the chain to him. You had just finished signing the declaration, and with the desire to make way for you I stepped off the dais on to the floor. Instead of that I ought to have passed over to the other side, and placed the chain on your shoulders." ("Hear," and laughter.) The Town Clerk said—"Will the Council hear the explanation why the housekeeper was in the room? I will take the opportunity of stating that the ex-mayor had nothing whatever to do with the man's presence in the Council chamber except this, that the ex-mayor had intimated that before retiring from office he might feel thirsty and want a glass of water. The housekeeper was accordingly sent for to bring in the glass of water to Mr. Goadsby's place. Being in the room the man was told to open the door, that the Mayor might come in without being interrupted, instead of coming in in the ordinary way; and thus from that accident of the Mayor being thirsty the whole mistake proceeded." (Loud laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Heywood has been twice before the constituency as a candidate, on both occasions as an advanced Radical, and claiming and obtaining specially the support of working-men. He was the advocate of a wide extension of the suffrage, and for the protection of the voter by the ballot. Such was the advanced Radicalism of 1859, which the *Guardian* denounced as revolutionary! Times have changed since then, and the *Guardian* with them. Mr. Heywood's election in 1859 was in one way unique. He used no cabs, and there is probably no other instance on record of a canvass of such an enormous constituency being conducted at such a trifling expense—the total outlay being £351, a sum which was cheerfully subscribed and paid by his friends. Mr. Heywood was not successful it is true, but he gained a virtual triumph for purity of election; and his candidature, conducted as it was, has conferred a lasting service on the Liberal party in the city, as showing the power of well-organised voluntary canvassing, and the influence of working-men in the constituency. The returns at the close of the poll were as follows: Bazley, 7545; J. A. Turner, 7350; Heywood, 5448; Captain Denman, 5201. Mr. Heywood again tried his fortune with the election in 1865, but on this occasion he stood at the bottom of the poll, the numbers being—Bazley, 7909; Edward James, 6688; Jacob Bright, 5562; Abel Heywood, 4242. Since then Mr. Heywood, though an ardent politician, has taken no very prominent part in election matters, but his old connection with the working-man has been maintained by occasional appearances at trade meetings, and the social gatherings of the co-operative societies.

Mr. Alderman Heywood has been twice married. The present Mrs. Heywood is the widow of Mr. Alderman Goadsby, who was her husband's immediate predecessor as mayor. Mrs. Heywood is herself well known in Manchester as the generous donor of the Cromwell Statue, and at an earlier date of the Prince Albert Memorial, in fulfilment, it is understood, of the wishes of her first husband. Mr. and Mrs. Heywood, from the accident of their residence at Old Trafford, had the pleasure of welcoming the Prince and Princess of Wales on their arrival in Manchester by barge from Worsley, when they visited the royal show in 1868. Pleasant memories linger in Manchester of the genial and refined hospitality which was dispensed at the mayor's private residence, and on a more popular scale at the Town Hall, during the reign of Mr. Goadsby, and it is not the least pleasing anticipation respecting the renewed lease of power which the citizens propose to bestow upon our Mayor As Is To Be, that the ordinary humdrum routine of Manchester municipal work may again be brightened by the exercise of a generous and graceful example of social good fellowship.

MUNICIPAL WORTHIES.

IN our last week's sketch of the the municipal career of "The Mayor As Is," we inadvertently did an injustice to a worthy citizen for whom we entertain a high respect. By a typographical slip Mr. Alderman Curtis, the present Mayor, was said to be the *oldest* member of the City Council, whereas it should be the *oldest with one exception*. That exception, however, happens to be an important one, for it is none other than the genial and honoured "father of the Council," Mr. Alderman Willert.

It would be seen from our notice that we have a respect for the high and honourable character of the Mayor; and we are glad to have the opportunity of stating, through the courtesy of a correspondent, that the honour is reflected on Manchester, inasmuch as Mr. Curtis happens to be a native of this city. Of course our "happy thought" that he was a Scotchman was suggested by the shrewd common-sense and "canny" quickness Mr. Curtis always shows.

A COMPETENT AND FEARLESS DRAMATIC CRITIC!

SCENE.—*The Manchester Exchange.* Mr. SHIRTINGS and Mr. YARN, conversing.

Mr. Shirtings. Seen the *Graphic* last week, Yarn?

Mr. Yarn. Oh, yes.

Mr. Shirtings. See what they say about Simpson?

Mr. Yarn. The Exchange Master, you mean. Oh, yes. "Fearless and competent dramatic critic!"

Mr. Shirtings. How do you think they found it out? Nobody else in the city ever knew it.

Mr. Yarn. Haven't the slightest idea. Can guess, though.

Mr. Shirtings. Can you? Well, how did they find it out?

Mr. Yarn [winking]. Why, of course, he told them. Do you think anybody else could possibly have made such a mistake?

Mr. Shirtings. Where do his critiques appear?

Mr. Yarn. Where! Why, don't you know?

Mr. Shirtings. Not I. Don't be so frightfully mysterious.

Mr. Yarn. Do you give it up?

Mr. Shirtings. Yes.

Mr. Yarn. So do I. I understand they are going to put his photograph in the *Graphic* next week, and give him credit for building the Exchange. Ta-ta!

SEEDLEY WARD.

THERE are two or three reasons why Mr. Burnett is likely to be elected to the Salford Council in the place of himself, retired by act of parliament, which are not generally known out of Pendleton.

In the first place, there is no man in the district big enough to fill the place vacated by him.

In the second place, it is absolutely necessary that some one should be elected for Pendleton who can balance Mr. Walker's weight in the Council, lest that Herculean gentleman should carry the Corporation with him in all his erratic flights; and we know of no one who is better able to keep the scales even than Mr. Burnett.

In the third place, the law of averages must be kept right; and if our bluff friend Mr. B. is not amongst the body, we are afraid that when that general weighing up of mankind takes place, of which Mr. John Eright spoke a few days ago, the Salford Town Council will be found to have not shared in the national fattening.

In the fourth place, Mr. Burnett is a non-talker; and there are far too few listeners in the Council, and consequently far too few workers in committee to spare one of them.

In the fifth place, he was by nature intended for an alderman; and with all respect to the Salford aldermanic bench, there is a scarcity upon it of the John-Bull-alderman-type which an Englishman doats on with patriotic pride.

Lastly, and chiefly, Mr. Burnett is a member of several committees. I he is re-elected by the ratepayers, the Council will again place him on those committees; committees have little trips and treats occasionally; when these occur, they play whist; Mr. Burnett is the ace of trumps at whist; therefore Mr. Burnett must be returned to the Council.

MR. HUGH MASON ON SKATING-RINKS.

MR. HUGH MASON is an authority on most subjects—at Ashton, and he declaimed last week on a local platform on the immorality of skating-rinks. Gentlemen who, like Mr. Mason, hold pronounced views on the best way of regulating human society are never at a loss for a text on which to discourse. The text was at hand to the preacher in this case, because a proposal had been made that the Corporation swimming-bath at Ashton should in the winter be turned into a skating-rink. Mr. Mason, however, like other preachers whom we wot of, is apt to wander from his text. It is always a terrible temptation to a man, when he has propounded a successful and sensible thesis, to take advantage of the hold he has got on his hearers by improving the occasion to the advantage of his own particular views. Now, with regard to the proposal to utilise a swimming-bath as a skating-rink during the winter there is this to be said, and Mr. Mason said it, that people who wish to bathe during the winter ought to be able to do so more especially as the bath in question belongs to the Corporation. It is clearly an abuse of public money that it should be possible for a man who wishes to bathe in winter to be told that he cannot do so because the bath has been converted to other uses. The people of Ashton are, we understand, with Mr. Mason so far. It is to be hoped, indeed, that they are, because bathing is as necessary to health and enjoyment in winter as in summer; and we should be sorry to think that the people of a neighbouring town cared only to wash themselves in hot weather, leaving healthful recreation out of the question. Mr. Mason did good service in calling attention to this matter, but unfortunately he did not stop there, but went on to denounce skating-rinks altogether in no measured terms. He said that "he had a very strong opinion about skating-rinks. He had had the opportunity of inquiring in various towns and counties, and had come to the conclusion that these rinks were among the worst things young people could use. There was something bracing and manly about skating on the ice in winter; but to go into a place lighted with gas and engage in a sham kind of skating, where there was a miscellaneous collection of young boys and girls, would have a demoralising effect on the rising generation. He felt deeply grieved that, without any public demand, but simply to carry out the whim of some two or three people, this rink had been established by the Corporation. He earnestly hoped that the young people of Oxford Mills would not go to that rink." In speaking thus, Mr. Hugh Mason was as inconsequential as people usually are who have hobbies in their stable which they delight to trot out. If Mr. Mason meant to say that this rink proposed would be worse than any other rink, one could understand his objection as furthering his argument about the baths; but he doesn't mean to take this view, from which malicious folks may gather that Mr. Hugh Mason doesn't care a dump about the facilities for bathing at Ashton, but merely wants to throw mud at a popular amusement which, in his opinion, is of immoral tendency. With regard to Mr. Mason's views on the latter subject, they are his views, and such as we might expect from him. This gentleman, of whom we do not wish to speak disrespectfully, belongs to a school which we may without offence call straitlaced. He is, above all, conscientious in all that he says and does, and would regard as disingenuous the smile which greets his denunciations of what others deem mere harmless pleasure. Between Mr. Hugh Mason and the world which amuses itself, and takes the sweets of life where it can find them, even at a skating-rink by gaslight, there is a wide gulf fixed, and we hope for the sake of both parties—for even straitlaced people have their uses—that it will be long before the gulf is bridged.

JACKDAW



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—Every Evening, Alfred Cellier's New and Successful OPERA, NELL GWYNNE.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—Open Every Day from ten a.m. Danson and Sons' Grand Spectacle of the RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA EVERY SATURDAY EVENING at 8 p.m. to November 4 inclusive. Band of the Gardens every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday from 3 p.m. Admission, 6d. each; after 4 p.m. 1s. each.

SCIENCE LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—EIGHTH SERIES, comprising NINE LECTURES, the first two of which will be given in the HULME TOWN HALL, and the remaining seven in the New, More Central, and Spacious LECTURE HALL of the Young Men's Christian Association, PETER STREET, as follows:—

Tuesday, October 24, and Wednesday, November 1,
A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor ROSCOE, F.R.S.

Subject: "What the earth is composed of."

Monday, November 6, Monday, November 13, and Monday, November 20,

A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.S.

Subject: "The earth's place in nature."

Tuesday, November 28, Tuesday, December 5, and Tuesday, December 12,

A COURSE OF THREE LECTURES by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S.

Subject: "Life on the earth."

Doors open at seven o'clock, the lectures commencing at eight. Subscribers' tickets for the series, numbered and reserved, are now ready, and may be had from the undersigned, One Guinea each.

57, King Street, Manchester, October 2, 1876. JOSEPH LUNT.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Bishop admires harmoniums, because they are so much like himself—wind instruments.

That they are unlike him in some respects, as they have a stop movement.

That after the election in All Saint's Ward the candidates will exchange names. Walker will be able to say, "I win, sir;" and Windsor will be Walker.

That the Town Clerk whenever he sees any of the retiring councillors about the town-hall facetiously joins Ald. Willert in the glee "Come out 'tis now November."

That Ald. Lamb, who has already been kicked out of the School Board because he's too good a Churchman, refused to join in the glee as he said we were barley telling the truth.

That Mr. Croston has kindly consented to allow a deputation of children to examine him as to the number of letters in the alphabet before he stands as a school board candidate.

That Councillor Charles Walker asked the Town Clerk to write him a Yankee address.

That the Town Clerk said he didn't think such a Yankee-panky business would go down in All Saints ward.

That after the recent revelations, a baker's apprentice might be designated in classical language as an alum-nus.

That the *Courier's* printers' devil is going to the great demonstration on purpose to raise another demonstration against Mr. J. W. Maclure.

That several persons who have been locked in at the Cathedral are thinking of joining the Liberation Society.

That for St. John's ward Crighton is in future to be known as Right'un.

That in New Cross Mr. Woodward has come out in the Tory interest but we are mistaken if Ward would have him.

DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO EXTINGUISH THE "COURIER."

THERE is great tribulation in Red Lion Street, and the souls of the printers' devils are deeply agitated. A most diabolical conspiracy has been unearthed, which has for its purpose nothing more nor less than the total extinguishing of all Conservative newspapers. Such a purpose, the *Courier* tells us solemnly, is advocated in a scheme which has come into its possession. The editor has waxed indignation upon it in a leader, and has anathematised the secret society which is entrusted with the carrying out of the proposals. The constitution of the country never was in such danger before, for without the *Courier* what would Manchester—nay, Lancashire—indeed, Great Britain be in the eyes of the world? Appreciating the tremendous interests which depend upon this question, we have interviewed the *Courier's* P. D.—the same youth who perpetrated the villainous hoax about the Dean—and he tells us, with a wink in his left eye, that no hoax has been played in this instance. The brothers Bright, Sir Thomas Bazley, and other arch Liberal conspirators have been seen at the dead of night in the neighbourhood of St. Ann's Square, armed to the teeth, taking solemn oaths under the shadow of Cobden's statue, and the only man who is to be allowed to escape out of the *Courier* office alive will be one of the reporting staff, who is to have the privilege of writing an account of the catastrophe for the Liberal papers throughout the country.

MY UNCLE.

TWAS the voice of my uncle, I heard him complain—
"She has left me too soon, I must marry again;
Like the hart for the cool streams I eagerly pant,
To give to my nephews and nieces an aunt."

I passed by his garden, and heard him declaim
To a lady unknown, and he mentioned her name;
And I thought of the riches he'd promised to leave;
And I knew his professions were meant to deceive.

I tried to dissuade him, "Dear uncle," said I,
"No aunt is required, so our uncle is by;"
But he said, "It's no use, and persuade me you can't,
I'm determined to give you, my nephew, an aunt."

And now he is married, and she holds the purse,
And he's got quite a number of boys, which is worse;
And as to his money, I know that I shan't
Touch a penny, but still I have got a new aunt.

BISHOP FRASER AND THE NONCONFORMISTS; OR, WHO BEGAN IT?

A DIALOGUE OF THE DAY.

SCENE.—Town Hall steps. Dispersion of a meeting of the Bulgarian Relief Committee. Dramatis Personæ: Bishop of MANCHESTER and Mr. STANWAY JACKSON.

Mr. Stanway Jackson. Methinks your lordship looks sad to-day. Pray, will you walk round to Beresford's? A cheerful bitter will elevate your spirits.

The Bishop. Ah, I have supped too full of bitters—I mean bitterness. The unkind words said of the Church at the Baptist and Congregational conferences have harrowed my soul!

Mr. Stanway Jackson. Well, they did give it you hot, but you must make allowances. There were provocations, you know.

The Bishop. Provocations! Why, is not our mission, as Churchmen, to diffuse sweetness and light even in the remotest parishes of the land? What evil have we done the Nonconformists?

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Mr. Stanway Jackson. Not much, perhaps, to complain of. An odd rector at Stand may have refused to bury a child because baptised by a Dissenter, or an eccentric dean may have insinuated that their apostles—of whom I am—ahem!—are liars, who ought to be resisted; but I agree with your lordship that we should not heed these vagaries of irresponsible men. On the other hand, why should a bishop cry out before he is hurt? Let those galled jades wince; your lordship's withers are unwrung.

The Bishop. Well, just to show my charity, I am ready to exchange pulpits with you, Mr. Jackson, any day.

Mr. Stanway Jackson. Oh, I am not in orders, though I occasionally pre—

The Bishop. Oh, I beg your pardon, I am sure. That Jackdaw has misled me again. I thought you were an Independent mini—

Mr. Stanway Jackson. An independent Liberal, yes. But, touching these "unkind words," I must say—

The Bishop [going]. Ta-ta! Mr. Jackson. Have a little more charity, my dear friend, and read my sermon at St. Philip's last Sunday. "As a Bishop of the Church, I call upon Nonconformists of all denominations to have a little more charity in their words and conduct towards her." Good bye!

Exit in direction of Diocesan Registry.

Mr. Stanway Jackson. Well, that's cool. Hadn't he better begin with the Dean and Canon Woodard? *Exit, humming—*

True hearts are more than mitred heads,
And simple speech than cleric's pride.

IMPRISONMENT AT THE CATHEDRAL.

[SONG FOR OFFICIATING VERGER.]

Air: From "Genevieve de Brabant."

I'M a vergere bold, and I have got
A duty to fulfil;
You'll always find me on the spot,
And you must obey my will.
For if you will not "stop it out,"
You have no business there,
And I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in!
And show you I'm a bold vergere.

Chorus and dance.

When to the church you go to pray
You ought not to be ill,
It is no use at all to say
Last night you took a pill;
It does not matter what you took,
You should have took more care;
I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in!
And show you I'm a bold vergere.

Chorus and dance.

If you come to hear the Bishop talk,
And a dullard spouts instead,
Should you feel inclined outside to walk,
Your desire shall be hindered.
It does not matter who you are,
You soon shall be aware
That I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in! I'll lock you in!
And show you I'm a bold vergere.

Chorus and dance, and processional breakdown of vergers, headed by Churchwarden Drew.

We'll lock 'em in! we'll lock 'em in! we'll lock 'em in!
For the credit of the bold vergers.

THE MAYOR'S FLITTING.

DEAR MR. JACKDAW,—It is very rarely that I write to anybody (without being paid for it), but I must put myself to the trouble under present circumstances. For many years past, as you are aware, I have had a jolly old parlour in the inmost recesses of the Old Town Hall, in King Street, where I have lived a happy sort of bachelor's life. You are perfectly acquainted with its coziness; the nick-nacks about it, which remind me of younger days; and, withal, the pleasant sanctity about it, which kept city councillors and the aldermen (with a few exceptions) at a distance. Now, sir, I appeal to you, ought my feelings not to be respected? But alas! though I am Town Clerk of Manchester, I am not Mayor. The "Mayor as is"—a most happy epithet, which I quote from last week's *Jackdaw*—has taken it into his solemn head that in order

to give some sort of a dignity to the City Hall—that abominable wilderness in Albert Square—he must needs flit from the Old Town Hall long before his "apartments"—note the word, sitting-rooms and bedrooms *en suite*—are ready for his reception. He seems determined to have a sort of house-warming there before the new Mayor comes into office. So the other evening, you'll guess my alarm, on returning from Hallé's concert in full dress, when I saw the "Mayor as is" crossing Albert Square with his petticoats over his arm, his gold chain round his neck, and Mr. Ward, the indefatigable keeper of the hall, wheeling a barrow containing the requisites for his worship's entertainment in the new building, consisting of a three-legged stool and a warming-pan. Sir, I was anxious to see how his worship, always a well-intentioned man, would demean himself in the house of his successors. I followed at a distance—somewhat seltishly, I confess, for I saw Ward had a bottle of real good old Corporation port (alderman's) sticking out of his pocket. On arriving at the City Hall, the modern Don Quixote, followed by his Sancho, opened the large entrance door with one of Chubb's patent keys, and I sneaked in unobserved after them. The Mayor immediately proceeded to the banquetting-room, where he drank his own good health, sitting in a most dignified position on the three-legged stool. Meanwhile Mr. Ward proceeded to get his bed ready for the night. I helped myself to port, and somehow—I can't exactly say how it came about—but for the life of me I'll swear that I saw Ward flourishing the warming-pan about over the head of the Mayor, just as her Majesty did the sword when she knighted me. Then the Mayor went to bed, and Ward, having filled in some of the crannies in the window with brown paper, leisurely made his way up to his garret at the top of the City Hall—a quarter of a mile above the level of the sea. I returned across the Square in a dejected mood, and I found in passing, on the Old Town Hall door, this inscription—"The Old Town Hall To Let: by order of the Town Clerk." I'll send you full particulars about the election.—Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH HERON.

POLITICAL HOCUS POCUS.

WE are frequently indebted to amateur correspondents of newspapers for valuable suggestions—valuable, that is, in the sense that they afford matter on which to found articles. One of the most remarkable of these suggestions which we have seen for some time is that of a clerical gentleman who writes to the papers, and says, speaking of the forthcoming municipal elections:—

"The municipal elections are evidently to be fought, as during the last few years they have been, on political grounds. Probably most sensible men have regretted the importation of party politics into municipal affairs. But the fact has come to be recognised, and, though not a pleasant fact, may be made upon occasion, perhaps, to serve the commonwealth. While the room at Aylesbury rang with peals of bucolic laughter, men were being massacred and women shamed. If we are compelled, by the action of the Tories, to fight municipal elections on party lines, so be it. Let Manchester and Salford speak out again in a fashion unmistakable, and condemn these doers of outrage upon all feelings of morality, humanity, and religion."

We had occasion about a year since, though the *City Jackdaw* was not then in existence, to denounce in no measured language the mischievous and absurd practice which has crept in of electing or rejecting city councillors on political grounds. The Rev. D. J. Hamer, who is the correspondent in question, evidently takes a different view from ours. The ridiculous nature of Mr. Hamer's proposal, and of the inferences to be drawn from it, hardly needs to be exposed. It is evident that a man might hold strong views on the Bulgarian atrocities, and yet be the most consummate ass that ever sat on the Council bench, or ever aspired to sit there. It is, on the other hand, evident that the popular election cry of baths and wash-houses, cheap though it is, has got something in it. Municipal affairs are in a sufficiently bad state already, without the idea being forced into our citizens' noddles that a municipal election in a ward of Manchester or Salford is a thing of imperial interest. As we have had occasion to point out, the system of choosing men, not on their merits, but in accordance with the stupid convictions of a clique or cliques, is alone responsible for the unedifying spectacles which are in some instances presented in the Council. This body no doubt contains at present many good men and true, but the manner in which new blood is obtained year by year cannot do anything but lessen the usefulness of its deliberations.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

"GRAPHICAL" MANCHESTER.

IT is a trite saying that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. In applying this to the Manchester number of the *Graphic*, published last week, we do not allude principally to the pictures, which are pretty well executed, and would give a very fair idea to strangers of what they are intended to represent, but to the descriptive letterpress which accompanies the drawings. The pictorial part of the work, though marred by a large amount of floridity, and here and there by palpable touches of imagination, is on the whole accurate, a good many of the views, at the same time, being those which from time out of mind have been familiar to us in Manchester in the form of catchpenny publications. Over the merits and defects of the pictures, however, we do not intend to linger. Good as these are in their way, it is with regret, not unmixed with amusement, that we find the accompanying letterpress so bad as it is. The printed matter of illustrated newspapers is, as a rule, only put in to serve as padding, and as it is seldom read there is perhaps a general excuse for its badness. When, however, a journal professes to deal with matters of fact for the purpose of instruction and information, a little care might with advantage be exercised, in order that slipshod statements, inaccuracies, and even misstatements, might as far as possible be excluded. We hasten to exclude that part of the matter under review which has been taken bodily from guide-books and other local printed sources from the censure pronounced. These parts will be easily recognised by any reader possessing tolerable local knowledge, but the worst of it is that the stranger for whose edification the whole has been produced will not be so discriminating; he will lump the good and bad together, and the result will be a very remarkable jumble and a singularly erroneous opinion about Manchester life. "The history of Manchester," says the *Graphic*, "is not particularly interesting to those who are not fortunate enough to be natives of the place;" and then follow a number of historical details which are true enough, being cribbed, interlined with a number of modern illustrations and remarks, which, being original, are thoroughly misleading. We fancy that we can detect in this original matter several distinct hands, as it would be manifestly impossible for one person to be thoroughly posted up in all the details touched on. The person, for instance, who informs us gravely that Mr. Edwin Simpson, master of the Exchange, is a "competent and fearless dramatic critic" could hardly be the same who writes that "Mr. and Mrs. Calvert are the ruling spirits at the Prince's Theatre." Nor can this last writer be the same who, speaking of the Theatre Royal, omits all reference to its having recently been practically rebuilt. Possibly, however, the guide-book may have been here in requisition, for this is one of the doubtful cases. No guide-book, however, has yet been printed which tells us that the Corporation have decided to call the new building in Albert Square the City Hall. Nor are we aware of any such book which speaks of suburbs of Manchester called Stratford and Old Garrett. The guide-book, again, would hardly have made the mistake of calling the Pomona Palace a public garden, and of omitting altogether under this head to speak of the Botanical Gardens at Old Trafford. If we allude to the newspapers of Manchester, it is only because the *Graphic* says that "it is obviously necessary to refer to a matter which exercises so important an influence over the life of the people." In illustration of this view, the *Graphic* propounds the following startling statements:—(1) That the London correspondence of the *Courier* is decidedly piquant, and that that journal, from the excellence not only of its leading articles but specially of its dramatic and fine art criticisms, trends in popular estimation on the heels of the *Guardian*. This journal is also said to faithfully reflect where it does not lead the opinions of the Conservatives of the district. (2) The *Manchester Guardian*—and here, probably, the guide-book comes in—follows the Liberalism of Sir Thomas Bazley rather than of Mr. Jacob Bright, and its leading articles are modelled on those of the *Times*. (3) The *Examiner* is chiefly remarkable for "spicy and highly-seasoned political literature." (4) The *Manchester City News*

is praised for candour and discrimination, and is placed at the head of the weekly journals. (5) Literature of a light and sketchy type finds scope in two small weekly prints, one of which is edited by a gentleman who was formerly connected with the comic press of London; the other representing the more intellectual classes, and being the medium through which a celebrated wit gives his lucubrations to the world. We have endeavoured in summarising to give as far as possible the exact words and expressions used, but only a perusal of this whole piece of local description could give an adequate idea of its complete want of veracity and fairness. We cannot believe that the *Graphic* would knowingly admit grave misrepresentations into its columns, and are therefore driven to conclude that the gentleman sent down to collect materials has been outrageously gulled by several facetious Mancunians. It does not much matter, perhaps, to take one instance, that the gentleman who writes for the *Manchester Examiner* the ablest and most thoughtful leaders that are contributed to the provincial press should be deemed by the readers of the *Graphic* a mere scribbler of spicy literature; but at the same time it is not creditable to a journal that it should commit such glaring errors as this particular one, as well as others, some of which we have noticed. It is a pity that the proprietors of the *Graphic* did not remember in time the motto, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well." Local people will, as we have said, readily detect the many falsities and absurdities contained in this sheet; and the popularity of the *Graphic* will by no means be enhanced, while the strangers for whose behoof presumably this bad work has been done will unwittingly imbibe a number of false impressions.

AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

THIS is the name, I believe, which is given in polite circles to a certain household occurrence not altogether unconnected with the peopling of this planet. That is a good phrase, I think, which I have used. It does not become an old fogie to be too outspoken on certain matters, it would be letting the cat out of the bag, for between ourselves there are certain people who are not altogether so ignorant as they are supposed to be. Come and see me to-morrow evening, said a married friend, and smoke a pipe with me; and I said I would, and what is more I went. I thought there must be something wrong before I got there, for my friend passed me on the other side of the street, running through the rain without an umbrella. It was not the nurse he was running for, though, as I partly suspected, but the doctor. Nor was he bent on obtaining some choice delicacy wherewith to regale his friend, as I also surmised might be the case. Neither of these suppositions were correct, for it was the doctor he was running to fetch, and the nurse opened the door to me. I knew it was the nurse, and I knew what had happened. I am not quite such an ignoramus, though I am an old fogie, as to be unable to put two and two together. Pshaw! What do I say? There were once two who might have been one—but no matter. The altar of affection still glimmers at times; I cannot always banish the past. I wonder whether *she* can. I would fain hope not; and yet I picture to myself an altar of affection which is not mine, and on which a pipkin simmers a mere common dirty tin saucepan, and he stirs it with a spoon. Ha! ha! And he is kept awake at nights, and his butcher's bill is ever so much bigger than mine. Even Mrs. Clarkson cannot make that item very large. I do not, you understand, allude in this way to the friend whom, as I tell you, I was about to visit. It was merely a passing reflection concerning personal matters that happened to myself years ago, and with which the reader has nothing to do. Having learnt what had happened, then, I turned away and went home. The next day I saw my friend in town, and he told me all about it, just as if I didn't know! I could have read it in his face even. That countenance bore a troubled air of defiant happiness. It must be something, after all, to have somebody at home, even if it is

a squalling baby. I tried keeping a cat once, but the brute wouldn't stay with me. It used to prow! all day about the larder, as if it knew I was only a lodger, and at night heaven knows where it went! These melancholy reflections are due entirely to that interesting occasion which forms the topic of this article. I do not always look at things in this light, but these are springs in the stoniest of bosoms. Ah! Mary Jane, once there were two bosoms, one of which was stony, but it wasn't mine, and my altar of affection will never have a pipkin on it in consequence. Pipkin! What do I want with pipkins? Have I not my latch-key? Have I not my liberty by day, and my rest by night? I will be sad no longer; I will strive rather to emulate the philosopher pictured by Lucretius, who sat on the cliff and watched with interest the mariners storm-tossed and imperilled on the foaming sea beneath. My friends seem to take a pleasure somehow in advising me of interesting occasions. Be it so, I am content to think of them and their increasing families with compassionate interest as I knock the ashes from my tenth pipe upon my pipkinless hob.

FOR PAY.

[BY A DISCONTENTED POET.]

I SHOULD like to sit down and compose at my ease,
And allow my ideas to flow;
I should like to be able my fancy to please,
With no horrid thoughts about money to tease,
Should I find myself going too slow.
But alas! I am paid for my work by the line,
And my thoughts are forbidden to stray;
I have promised to finish my verses by nine,
Deep thinking for some may be all very fine,
As for me—I just scribble for pay.

It is all very well for a poet, with time
On his hands, to be pensive and deep;
I feel that I could write a poem sublime,
If only for coppers I hadn't to rhyme,
And a number of children to keep.
At times I have beautiful thoughts in my head,
Though I'm not in the humour to-day,
For at present my brains are heavy as lead,
So I sit and I scribble sad rubbish instead;
Never mind—I am earning my pay.

'Tis a very monotonous sort of a thing
To be spinning out verses for tin;
To feel that there's somebody pulling a string,
That your Pegasus always must be in full swing,
In a race that he never can win.
I suppose it will never be otherwise,
My hair is inclining to gray;
And my Emma declares when her husband dies —
But while I am speaking of family ties
I forget that I scribble for pay.

A GRAY JOKE.

PLEASANT as the grip of an old friend is the meeting with a joke of our youth. If any of our readers ever become old, which we hope they all will—may the event be far distant, however—they will, we have no doubt, find a lively sense of pleasure in stumbling upon the jokes of the Jackdaw of their early days, and in pointing out how time has altered them, and how much better the witty bird originally put them. This was our feeling on opening this week's *Punch*, and reading, under an illustration, which will fit any street joke—

“UNREPORTED ‘ATROCITY’ IN THE CITY.—*City Miscreant*: Where did you go to this autumn, Brown? Scarborough? Well, did you enjoy your holiday, or did you take your missis?”

This familiar friend of our younger days came upon us as an agreeable surprise; but our pleasure was dashed by the ravages which time had made upon it. When we and It were young—a long time ago—It used to run thus:—

Jones. When do you take your holiday, Brown?

Brown. Next week.

Jones. Is Mrs. Brown going with you?

Brown. No. I'm going for pleasure!

MRS. HENPECK'S PARLOUR LECTURES.

[EDITED BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

No. V.—ON A LATCH-KEY.

LATCH-KEYS, my dear, are all very well, but I should advise you to wait till Claude proposes it, which he is sure to do before very long. Well, I declare, it is ten o'clock; I think we had better have supper. You would rather wait for Claude? Well, I think you are foolish, because he is sure to have had supper somewhere else, and after a fatiguing day I am sure you must be in want of — *I can take mine if I like!* My dear, that is unkind, I was only thinking of you; as far as that goes, I can wait. But as I was saying, it is only natural that Claude should want to have a latch-key by-and-by, not that it makes any difference, it takes so little to wake a woman; but you can't expect your husband to be always at home. You don't expect anything of the kind? Well, my dear, you needn't be so snappish, though there is some excuse for it, I must say; but if Claude is to have a latch-key, I don't see the use of waiting supper for him every night. *It is not every night!* I should hope not, indeed. Why, it is nearly eleven o'clock! *I can have my supper if I like!* Thank you, my dear, you told me that before, but I wasn't thinking of supper. You are sure you weren't? Now, that is very silly of you, especially under the circumstances, neglecting your meals. I must say I enjoy my supper better than any other meal in the day. I have no doubt that Claude is having supper this moment with some of his friends. You are sure he isn't, and he is only detained by business? You speak as if it was a crime; please to remember that Claude's friends are my friends. Business, indeed! there is no business at eleven o'clock at night; and if ever Claude makes that excuse, you may be sure he is deceiving you. Whenever my late husband had particular business which detained him till midnight, he used to smell of brandy and cigars. What do I hear? *Claude is not like that!* Not like that! not like his own blessed father, who is now in Heaven! My dear Emma, I am really surprised at you; but I don't wonder at your being peevish, you must be positively famished. I only hope that my dear son will take after his father in everything. *What, in brandy and cigars?* No, miss, not in brandy and cigars; and I am surprised at your mentioning such things to your mother's husband — Now you are laughing; I believe you are getting quite hysterical with waiting so long for your food. Hadn't we better have the supper-tray in, so as to be ready directly he comes? *I said he was having supper with my friends!* If you will reflect, Emma, I said no such thing; I was only trying to account for his absence, so that you might not feel uneasy. Let's see now, there are the — To tell you the truth, I could never get Claude somehow to take to my friends; it was one of the few faults I had to find with him, but I daresay young men make friends of their own, and I don't see why they should not. *What, after they are married!* How you take me up; and why not, pray, if you expect Claude to be always tied at home; you know more than I do about young men, that's all. You expect him, at least, to keep decent hours? That is a bad sign to show your temper so soon after marriage. You weren't angry with him? And with whom, pray, were you angry? Was it the cat? *It was not the cat!* Really this sullenness is very unpleasant; here have I been doing my best to make the evening pass pleasantly—yes, pleasantly, though you do toss your head; and now I can see that you are in a temper with your husband, and then you vent it upon me. Did I make him stop out until half-past eleven, keeping the servants out of bed, and the supper waiting? Do I know where he has been? You don't want to know? Well, all I can say is that, if you are satisfied not to know, it is more than I should be. What is that? *I had better have my supper and go to bed, and you will stay up!* You do not think me so selfish; I shall stay as long as you do, and as for supper — Ah, here he is! that's his knock!

[I do not remember anything about this. My wife, however, does not now sit up for me, or wait supper either.—C. H.]

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON HARMONIUMS.

SCENE.—*A neighbouring parish. The Bishop of MANCHESTER and the Rector, perambulating.*

The Rector. I've found out a capital way of getting people to church in my parish.

The Bishop. I'm glad to hear it.

The Rector. Oh, yes. I've had several collections lately, and I've given the proceeds towards buying harmoniums, which I have set down in various points in the parish.

The Bishop. Indeed! Why, how can that send people to church?

The Rector. It does. Why, the people to whom I entrust the harmoniums get up early every Sunday morning, and they blaze away to their heart's content. Did your lordship ever reside in a jerry-built house where they had a harmonium next door?

The Bishop. I never did.

The Rector. Ah! then you can't understand how a man may be driven out of his own house?

The Bishop. I can imagine it.

The Rector. And as there are no public-houses open, why, folks have no other place to go to than church.

The Bishop. Just so.

MORAL.—The Bishop, in a recent utterance, said: "He was in a neighbouring parish not long ago, and passed by half a dozen cottages in which harmoniums were playing. He spoke to the clergyman about it, and he replied that he believed there were forty cottages in his parish—a parish with about two thousand people—in which there were harmoniums. That showed an improvement in taste." (?)

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

"NELL GWYNNE."

THE institution of "original comic opera" is beginning to take firm root amongst us. There are at present at least half a dozen English gentlemen in existence whose ambition it is to be known as composers of comic operas, and Mr. Cellier may be mentioned as neither the least ambitious nor least successful among the number. Philosophers tell us that every man has his ambition, of whatever sort it may be. That of Mr. Cellier assumes the shape indicated above; ours at present takes no higher form than the desire to write a readable notice of a very insipid performance. The mere fact that a gentleman has taken the trouble to string together a musical piece of three acts, which is applauded by Manchester people, demands this much of effort at our hands. There is no doubt that Mr. Cellier has produced a work which will be very highly appreciated, and it is not too much to say that the audiences, who grant to it such a gratifying reception, deserve never to hear any better music. When we say again that Mr. Cellier has on this occasion surpassed his former efforts, we must not be understood to suggest that his present work is faultless. On the contrary, it possesses many faults, even judged from the composer's own point of view. We will not, however, do Mr. Cellier the injustice of viewing his opera from the standpoint taken by himself, though perhaps he will not be quite satisfied when we say that the music in "Nell Gwynne" is pretty and harmonious throughout. If, therefore, we refrain from saying what his opera is not, Mr. Cellier must credit us with the good-natured intention of saying what it is. The music, then, is pretty, and shows, at least, that the composer has a considerable aptitude for melody. The choruses are sprightly, and the songs taking. What more could be wanted for an original comic opera? It is hard to say what more, in any ordinary compass; but in the first place the music would be the better of a little fun and frolic mixed with its sweetness. We are bound to do Mr. Cellier the justice of saying that he is no slavish imitator of Offenbach, Lecocq, or of any other composer of comic music. We must, too, remark that as a rule modern original comic opera suggests to us the far-fetched comparison of music in its dotage, or second childhood, possessing neither the forces of youth nor the beauties of old age.

Mr. Cellier's music does not occur to us as an exception, nor do any of his musical combinations ever suggest to us that the author of their being has been recently brought to bed. We will cease, however, to weary the reader with these refinements, and pass on to the plot and libretto, for which we suppose Mr. Cellier is not entirely responsible. Of these it may be said that, though tolerably coherent and suiting the music, they are entirely destitute of the element of fun which has usually been considered to be essential to comic opera. To the performers considerable praise is due, under these circumstances, for conscientiously doing their best to make the piece go, and that best is on the whole very good. Miss Pattie Laverne, Miss Alice Cook, and Miss Kathleen Corri, all three act and sing with determination, spirit, and grace. Mr. Furneaux Cook, though not fitted with many songs, sings well; while Mr. J. H. Ryley, the only comic man at present on these boards, makes as much fun as he possibly can out of a meagre stupid rôle. In the last act of all he introduces some old pantomime business with very good effect. On the whole this opera may be commended to the approval of staid playgoers who are fond of music, and do not care especially for originality. It is supplemented by exceedingly pretty scenery, and is mounted with care and taste, the set scenes and finales being exceptionally brilliant, which would seem to be half the battle of success in this department of operatic productions.

THE THEATRES.

THE piece in which Miss Ada Cavendish is playing at the Royal is somewhat out of the ordinary run of stage productions. Its sensationalism—for it is undoubtedly sensational in one sense of that much-abused word—is rather that of the novelist than the dramatist; it is therefore considerably stronger in passion and emotion than in situation and circumstance. Such plays, of which there are not many on the English stage, are to a certain extent repulsive, partly from their novelty, and partly because their faithful representation demands a departure to a certain extent from stage tradition, and a certain overstepping of conventional lines. The play is not one about which not very much requires to be written, and its merits and demerits have been fully canvassed by the daily papers. It only remains to praise Miss Cavendish—one of the most painstaking of modern actresses—for the energy with which she acts in a rather difficult part, and to accord to the members of the stock company who assist her a word of appreciation.

At the Queen's, Mr. Pennington, who is favourably known to the frequenters of this theatre, is the star of the week. He receives tolerable support from the stock company, including Mr. W. G. Herwyn, in a drama called "From Stem to Stern," which is described as "the latest Surrey success." This piece has nothing out of the common for which it may be commended. At the same time the situations are strong, if not always original, and the somewhat spicy nature of the incidents and dialogue are done full justice to by a company which is on the whole good. The gods and the people in the pit, who are very long-suffering in the matter of scenery, seem mightily pleased with this production, than which as a matter of fact we have seen worse.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A Lover of Cold Water, C. M.—We have no hesitation in throwing what you love on the proposal which you make.

Penny Stamp.—It would, we fear, cause a stampede among our readers.

A. J. W.—We readily excuse the anonymous nature of your contribution, for which you apologise, more especially as the contribution will not be inserted. The man who contracts for the waste-paper basket is not particular about such petty details.

Hater of Profanity.—Your severe remarks provoke the unChristian retort that you are an ass; but we will forbear.

The Muses, C. P.—You make a double mistake in your verses, which are bad enough anyhow. There were more than eight muses, and you are wrong in using the word "he;" they were not only nine but feminine. It is not every editor who would have taken the trouble to explain this to you.

A. H. M., Pendleton.—We never "insirt" anything in the *Jackdaw*.

Declined, with Thanks.—"Removed to Albert Square."

GARVEY'S LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S SELF-PROPELLING BATH CHAIRS, for those that cannot walk.—GARVEY, the Private Carriage Builder, &c., 28, Downing Street, and 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF MEDLOCK STREET WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Elected in June last, to represent you in the City Council on the death of Mr. John Marshall, I have now but fulfilled his remaining term of office, and it is with pleasure I appeal to you for a renewal of the confidence so kindly imposed in me at the last contested election for this ward. The numerous signed requisition which has been presented to me contains the names of gentlemen differing widely in opinion upon many vital questions, and it is gratifying for me to reflect that during the very short time I have occupied a seat in the Council chamber I have succeeded in obtaining the good wishes of all sections of ratepayers. In my last address I expressed my views upon sanitary matters, the gas question, and public baths. With regard to the ashpit question I then said: "I am decidedly against alterations where existing drainage is good, and thereby, in my opinion, far less nuisance than the new system." I advocated that interest should be paid upon gas deposits which the Council has since confirmed. I urged that public baths should be in the hands of the Corporation, low charges being made; and I am glad to be able to state that this great boon must soon be granted to the people, the only delay that can occur being in connection with the consideration of ways and means, and the fixing upon the best sites for the erection of suitable buildings for baths and laundries. I have lived in your midst for many years; I know the wants and the necessities of the ward, and I am prepared, if again favoured with your support, to devote my best energies and services to the discharge of the duties of your representative.—Yours truly,

ALFRED EVANS.

7, Upper Jackson Street, Hulme, Oct. 6th, 1876.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876.—TO THE ELECTORS OF OXFORD WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In compliance with the wishes of numerous friends, I desire to offer myself for election to the office of councillor for Oxford Ward, and I confidently refer to my past conduct in the City Council, and to my constant and unwearied attendances at the various meetings at which it has been my duty and pleasure to attend, as grounds for expecting you to return me.

Whilst in the City Council I have always given my time and attention cheerfully, not only to the public questions affecting the city generally, but to minor matters that have been brought before me by individuals, and to the utmost of my ability I have endeavoured to be useful without preference or partiality. I am not in favour of experimental sanitary changes, but will give my hearty support to any good and sensible scheme of sanitary improvement. Should you return me to the Council I will endeavour to serve honestly all parties in the ward—a promise which may be relied upon by referring to my past actions.

Believing that I shall not be disappointed in my expectations of gaining your confidence and being returned as your representative, I am, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

R. T. WALKER.

Manchester, Oct., 1876.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

TO THE ELECTORS OF OXFORD WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I respond with pleasure to the invitation of a large number of influential electors in this ward to place my services as representative in the City Council at your disposal.

I am fully impressed with the grave responsibilities attaching to the representation of the large interests in this ward; and I am aware that the task is an arduous one if conscientiously performed, but it will be my earnest endeavour to fill the position to the best of my power, and worthy of your confidence.

The claim for this distinction I base on my long and intimate connection with this ward, and my knowledge of its requirements.

I am bound by business ties to the staple trade of our city, on the maintenance and advancement of which depends your welfare, as well as that of a large proportion of the inhabitants of the district. My connection with it is a guarantee that I shall do my utmost in furthering those important interests.

As an address is not, according to my views, the best means for the exposition of opinions on different questions, I will leave such details to my opportunities of addressing you personally, and confine myself to a statement of the broad principles on which I intend to act if returned by you.

I shall insist on strict economy in order to keep down the rates, at the same time I shall be no party to narrow stinginess, but on all questions that may arise in any department, I shall be guided in my decision by a desire to obtain the greatest efficiency at the lowest price—the only sound financial policy—and to secure the greatest benefit for the masses without doing injustice to the few. The health and comfort of the people is a subject to which I have devoted considerable attention, and I shall make it my duty to advocate measures that will improve the moral and physical condition, and bring comfort to their homes.

In thus placing before you an outline of the basis on which I would represent you, I trust I have provided the means of judging of my fitness and conclude by soliciting your suffrages. The numerous promises of support from all grades of electors, make me bold enough to do so with confidence.—I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

MATTHEW HILTON.

38, Chorlton St., Manchester,
Oct. 7th, 1876.**MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1876. ALL SAINTS' WARD.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—With the present month my term of office as your representative to the City Council, with which you entrusted me three years ago, will expire. For the confidence you then reposed in me, and for the uniform kindness and courtesy I have always received from you during such term of office, I beg to tender you my warmest thanks.

At the urgent request of a large number of electors, I again place my services at your disposal. Should you again confer the honour upon me, rest assured that I shall always endeavour faithfully and earnestly to discharge my several duties; and I flatter myself that three years' experience will enable me to serve you still more efficiently than in the past.

During my term of office I have had the honour to share in zealously promoting several important improvements in our township. Greenheys Lane has been transformed from a

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

quagmire of mud and filth to a well-paved and handsome avenue; and All Saints' Churchyard no longer wears the slovenly appearance which for so many years had been a standing reproach to the neighbourhood, but has been transformed into an open and spacious promenade, where children may play in safety and the tired traveller find a welcome rest on the seats provided.

It is impossible to foresee what changes may be contemplated in the sanitary economy of our important city. Believing, however, that the suggestions relating to public baths and wash-houses would be a great and desirable boon, I shall do my utmost to promote the object, being a firm believer in the motto, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

I am content to leave the matter in your hands. Again thanking you for past courtesy and kindness, and pledging myself, should you consider me again worthy of your confidence, to renewed activity, zeal, and faithfulness, I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

CHARLES WALKER.

173, High Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ST. LUKE'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The time is at hand when the trust you reposed in me two years ago will again be at your disposal; and in compliance with the requisition which you have done me the honour to present, signed by 1015 of my fellow-ratepayers, I have much pleasure in placing my services again at your disposal. I accept the compliments you have paid me as a recognition on the part of my constituents of their satisfaction with the way in which I have acquitted myself; and although it would be unbecoming in me to speak of the manner in which I have fulfilled the duties which devolved upon me, I may refer you to the records of my attendance at the Council and committee meetings in proof of my assiduous attention to municipal duties, and my desire to discharge them to the best of my ability. As a member of the Free Libraries Committee, I have been pleased at the gradual development of that valuable educational auxiliary, and I hold that the facilities for obtaining such advantages should only be limited by the means at the disposal of the Council; and in furtherance of these views I will, if again elected, give my support to the establishment of a Reading Room and Branch Free Library in the neighbourhood of Stockport Road, thus rendering it available for the residents of Ardwick and the upper portion of this ward. In the discussions of the Council I have ever been watchful to guard against undue expenditure; and while I have opposed indiscriminate advances of salaries, I have been anxious to avoid the extremes of parsimony and extravagance. The important question of the public health of this city, especially that branch which relates to the disposal of sewage and other refuse, and to the pollution of rivers, will shortly await a solution by the Council; and I submit that what is best in a sanitary sense is also most profitable from an economical point of view. Should you again do me the honour to elect me as your representative, I shall be influenced in my votes by a desire to promote efficiency and economy in all departments of the Corporation, and to labour earnestly to secure the adoption of all measures which have for their object the health and welfare, both morally and socially, of all classes of my fellow-citizens.—I have the honour to be, ladies and gentlemen, your faithful servant,

ALEXANDER MURRAY.

92, Higher Temple Street.

Central Committee Rooms, 121 and 123, Bloomsbury, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

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MEETING

Of the Members and Friends of the United Kingdom
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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1876,

In the

**FREE-TRADE HALL,
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The following Gentlemen are expected to take part:

Sir WALTER C. TREVELYAN, Bart. (President); Professor
RICHARD SMYTH, M.P.; PETER RYLANDS, Esq., M.P.;
WILLIAM SHEPHERD ALLEN, Esq., M.P.; ALEX. M.
SULLIVAN, Esq., M.P.; B. WHITWORTH, Esq., M.P.;
Rev. Prebendary GRIER, M.A.; Rev. HUGH STOWELL
BROWN; Rev. THOS. LLEWELLYN; Dr. B. W. RICHARD-
SON, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c.; EDWARD S. ELLIS, Esq.,
J.P.; HUGH MASON, Esq., J.P.; BAILEY COLLINS, J.P.
(President Scottish Temp. League); SAMUEL POPE, Esq.,
Q.C.; JAMES H. RAPEL, Esq.

The Chair will be taken by

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Bart., M.P.

Admission by Ticket—Reserved Seats, One Shilling; Gallery
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